Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hoster, and a boy.

Host. I prethee sweet heart,
Let me bring thee so farre as *Staines*.
Pist. No fur, no fur.
Bar. Well, sir *Iohn* is gone, God be with him.
Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosome, if euer any were,
He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the tide;
His nose was as sharpe as a pen;
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,
And talke of flowers, and smile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
How now sir *Iohn*, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone,
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as stone.
Nim. They say he cride out on Sacke.
Host. I that he did.
Boy. And of women.
Host. No that he did not.
Boy. Yes that he did, & sed they were diuels incarnste.
Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
Nim. Well, he did cry out on women.
Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the whore of Babilon.
Boy. Hostes, do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* nose, and sed it was a blacke soule
Burning in hell?

Bard.

Bar. Well, God be with hi
That was all the wealth I got
Nim. Shall we shog off?
The king will be gone from *S*
Pist. Cleare vp thy cristals,
Looke to my chattels and my
Trust none; the word is pitch
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold fast is the onely dog
Therefore cophetua be thy co
Touch her soft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hostesse.
Nim. I cannot kis, and there
But adieu.
Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle

Enter King of France,
and oth

King. Now you Lords of *O*
Of *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,
You see the King of England i
For he is footed on this Land a
Dolphin. My gracious Lord,
Tis meete we all go foorth,
And arme vs against the foe:
And view the weake and sickly
But let vs do it with no shew o
No with no more, then if we he
England were troubled with a
For my good Lord, she is so ide
Her scepter so fantastically bor
So guided by a shallow humor
That feare attends her not.
Con. O peace Prince Dolphin,

C

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